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NOW READY.

The Wheeling Bakery Co's

PREMIUM LOAF.

SAME SIZE. SAME STYLE.

SAME QUALITY.

At the old stand of the First Premium at the West

Virginia State Fair, 1884.

Don't fail to buy this bread, for it is the best.

WHEELING BAKERY CO.,

1200 MARKET STREET.

Business Cards.

BLACKSMITHING.

I have received the Blacksmith Shop formerly

owned by Samuel Killip, corner Twenty-fourth

and Market streets, and am now prepared to do all

kinds of Blacksmithing and Wagon Making.

W. C. COMSTOCK.

ESTABLISHED 1858.

H. Seamon's Nail City Cigar Works,

And Dealer in Leaf, Plug and Smoking Tobacco.

Also Fine Cigars and Pipes.

1150 WATER STREET.

Wheeling, W. Va.

D. C. LIST, JR.,

PORK PACKER,

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B. DAVENPORT &amp; CO.,

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Dealers in Grain, Flour, Seeds, Provisions, Cheese

and all kinds of Groceries.

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R. M. GILLELAND,

GLUE MANUFACTURER.

Next Foot Oil, Tallow &amp; Grease, and dealer in

DONES &amp; PLASTERING MAIR.

Highest cash price paid for Tanner's Oil and

Pork and Beef Cakes. Postoffice address,

WHEELING, W. VA.

Works near Borer's Run.

Telephone No. 302.

Professional Cards.

G. O. SMITH,

Real Estate Agent and Stock Broker.

Special attention given to Collecting Rents and

the general management of Real Estate. Can turn

into the best of references.

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JAMES A. HENRY,

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and all kinds of Business Transacted.

The Collection of Accounts a Specialty, and prompt

returns made.

OFFICE, No. 102 MARKET ST.

WALTER H. RINEHART,

(Successor to Alex. Bone, Sr.)

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate, Stock and Money Broker.

Estate Sales, Houses Rented and Rents Col-

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Wheeling, W. Va.

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OHIO VALLEY FIRE INSURANCE

COMPANY

OF WHEELING, W. VA.

OFFICE, No. 1209 Main Street.

CAPITAL, \$100,000.

Does a general Fire Insurance Business. Farm

property, and Dwellings houses and contents in-

sured for three or five years.

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John K. Campbell, H. F. Behrens,

David Davidson, Ben. Fisher.

HENRY SCHUMACHER, President.

J. V. L. BOWERS, Secretary.

THE FRANKLIN INSURANCE CO.

OF WHEELING, W. VA.

CAPITAL, \$100,000.

Insures against loss or damage by fire and light-

ning and all classes of desirable risks, and insures

houses on the Western coast.

OFFICES.

J. N. Vance, President, H. B. Adams, Vice President.

J. L. Strouven, Sec'y, J. P. Adams, Asst. Sec'y.

DIRECTORS.

J. N. Vance, M. Reilly, L. C. Sidel,

J. H. Hooton, C. W. Franzheim.

OFFICE, No. 35 TWELFTH STREET.

Flour and Grain.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

Minnesota Boss,

Cream of the West,

Excelsior, Emperor, Eureka,

And other choice brands of Flour, at lowest prices,

delivered to all parts of the city by

J. M. CLOUSTON,

Dealer in Flour, Grain, Corn Meal, Mill Feed, Baled

Hay, Straw, &amp;c.

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CAPITAL, \$175,000.

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Branches on England, Ireland, France and Germany.

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CRAYON PORTRAITS

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No. 214 MAIN STREET.

PAISON'S

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO,

1205 MARKET STREET.

Iron Fences.

WROUGHT IRON

FENCES

Made to order by

WHEELING IRON COMPANY.

## The Intelligencer.

Office: Nos. 25 and 27 Fourteenth Street.

ACQUAINTANCES.

CHAPTER I.

The scene in Avonshire, the time even-

ing. Two men were sitting in the public

gardens listening to the band, which was

practicing for the forthcoming fête. But

neither of them seems to have more than

a cursory attention to give to the music.

"Is it a genuine case this time, Ernest?"

said the younger one.

"Why say you? Have I ever owned

a genuine case before?"

"No," replied Charles. "I can't say you

have. It is unfortunate that the first time

it is genuine there are difficulties in the

way."

"There is an English proverb about

that," said Ernest. "True love never runs

smooth, or something to that effect. Fate

is against me, and always has been."

"My dear fellow, that is doing fate an

injustice. You have had plenty of suc-

cesses—more than yours," said Ernest.

"It is that I complain of," said Ernest.

"I had been accustomed to disappoint-

ments, I might have borne this. I have had

successes, but I have not carried a straw

whether I succeeded or not; now that I am

a success, I find that I am doomed to

have my wish unfulfilled."

Charles gave a little laugh.

"My dear boy, do you call a woman's

love a matter of life and death?"

"It often has been," was Ernest's re-

ply.

"Oftener to the woman than the man."

"Because it is the woman who is most

often the disappointed one. In this case

it is the man."

"But supposing that fate is against you

for once, it is wise to stake happiness on

one thing."

Ernest shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear Charles, it is easy for you to

be philosophical. You do not love Suzan-

ne."

"I will if you wish," retorted Charles

lightly.

"Let us go back to the hotel," said Er-

nest shortly.

Charles put his hand on his arm.

"Give me," I spoke stupidly. I can

feel your hand, though I talk lightly, I

feel anything that I can do to show my

sympathy?"

"Yes," said Ernest. "Let us get away

from here; that land is too good, and the

people are getting thicker every minute."

He took his friend's arm, and they wan-

dered slowly down the road that leads to

the sands.

There was no one to interrupt them;

the only passers-by were tired laborers on

their way home, or an occasional carriage

full of tourists, being dragged up the hill

by the weary horses.

"I will tell you what you can do for me,"

said Ernest, speaking gravely and earnest-

ly. "I want a friend now more than

ever before. I mean to see if

you are one."

"You may take it for granted," was

Charles's reply.

"I will, Suzanne, as you know, loves

me. I love Suzanne more than life. Do

you know why I cannot marry her? Do

you know what the whole matter is? I

was betrothed before you stepped in, was

she not?"

"Now this is the truth about it. Three

years ago my elder brother, who was an

artist, quarreled with his father. There

was a double quarrel, my brother was on

the right; the quarrel was forced on him.

A duel followed and Suzanne's father was

killed."

"I never heard of that," said Charles

in surprise.

"No, it was hushed up, and my brother

went to Algeria, where he died last year.

Scarcely any one knows the real cause of

M. Desvignes's death. You can easily im-

agine the two families saw little of each

other after that. I happened, however,

that Suzanne and I met in Paris; she was

ignorant of the whole story. I was told

as if there were any cause why we

should not meet on friendly terms, the

more so as I was greatly charmed with

her, and she was in love with me. I was

in love with her and could not leave

her."

"And she?"

"I was not indifferent to her. But her

father came on the scene, saw what was

going on, and he had one interview

with me. I granted it, of course, and he

told me that either I must cut off all in-

tercourse with Suzanne or tell her the

whole story. I naturally refused to do

either. The result was that she told

Suzanne herself."

"Why could she not hold her tongue?"

asked Charles angrily. "It was not good

to spoil more lives."

"She was the dead man's sister. She

saw Suzanne, and she had one inter-

view with me. I spent the most terrible hour

of my life then."

Charles said nothing. Ernest re-  
covered his calm, which he had for a moment  
lost.

"She confessed her love for me, but re-

fused to marry me. Her aunt threatened

that if she ever saw me again the whole

world should know she was going to mar-

ry the brother of the man who killed her

father. She was a brave girl."

"Poor girl!" murmured Charles.

"I don't blame her," continued Ernest.

"It would be a terrible thing to do. So

we have separated."

"Do you think her aunt meant to carry

out her threat?"

"I am certain of it. I left Paris the day

after I saw Suzanne; a week later I heard

that she was betrothed to M. Courtin. I

know she detests him; she has often told

me so. They are to be married next Mon-

day."

"There is then no hope for you?"

"I suppose not," was the sad reply; "yet

there is always a chance. She may be

braver than she imagines. I shall not be

finally till she is married. If she

breaks it off I shall know the reason, and

nothing shall separate us then."

"What is it that you wish me to do for

you?" asked Charles, bringing the conver-

sation round to practical matters.

"This," said Ernest. "I start to-mor-

row for England. I cannot stay here. I

must travel—do something to try and get

rid of the horrible monotony of my ordi-

nary existence. I want you to send me

word directly the marriage is over, or, if

you can, send me word by advertisement

in the English Times. There is a column

for that sort of advertisement. Berthou-

let can tell you all about getting it. But

I am ambiguous, so that no one but I can

tell what it means. Wherever I may be I

shall be able to get a copy of the Times. I

should think—especially if I keep where

I can get one," he added, with a smile.

"That is more in your old style," said

his companion. "Do try and pull your-

self together; it is a bitter pill, but all's

lost because you fall for once in your life.

I shall not be the sort of companion any

more now I am going. Besides, I really don't

know where I am going." But how about your business? Aren't

you going to have your letters forwarded?"

"Will no one know your address?"

"My dear Charles, if I don't tell you, do

you think it probable I shall tell any one

else?"

Charles said it was no use to press the

subject, and he went with a shrug.

"And now my dear fellow," said Ernest

in a lighter tone, "let's have a game of

## IN MR. MORRISON'S DISTRICT.

The Needles and a Prodding Him Up

Arms.

Chicago, Oct. 30.—Mr. W. L. Jones, of

Edwardsville, who has been making the

circuit of Southern Illinois in the interest

of Needles, is in the city and reports the

prospects for Morrison's defeat as very

promising. The Morrison men were bet-